had neglected to shut it tightly when

she admitted Tanner and Florence.

One of the idiotic impulses that

infest the brains of otherwise sane

men when they are in love now oc-

curred to Clayton. Without ringing the bell he slipped noiselessly into

the apartment, closing the door be-

living-room. Vanya was not there.

hind him, and made his way to the

He passed through the curtains

into an alcove beyond, and drew the

curtains together behind him. Stand-

ing there, he opened his mouth to

call Vanya, preparing to enjoy her surprise at hearing his voice and not

His lips parted, but no word was

spoken. For at that instant the door bell rang. Clayton heard Van-

ya's light step come along the hall.

He heard her open the front door

and, with an exclamation of delighted

welcome, led a visitor into the liv-

Clayton peered through a tiny gap

in the curtain. Vanya was entering

the living-room, talking with gay ani-mation to an overdressed, animal-

faced man, who stared at her in evi-

dent worship.

A throb of hot jealousy tore

through Clayton's heart. Clenching

hands went up to tear aside the curtains and to reveal himself to the

Just then a tap on the shoulder

made Clayton spin about. He had

thought himself alone in the tiny,

he saw a man who had appeared seemingly from nowhere, and who

Clayton sought to speak, to demand

the reason of the other's mysterious

presence there. But for some reason

he was dumb. He tried to move, but

his body would not respond to the call

For a moment, the artist's feeble

will power tried to comb at the weird

helpless, and weakly gave up the

And now this flaming-eyed stranger

was saying something to him. Then, to all intents and purposes, Robert

Harold Stanley, mounting the steps f the apartment house, heard him-

self addressed, civilly enough, by

man in the street behind him. He

turned, and recognized Alward, one of

Parrish's assistants—a plain-clothes

detective who had been working for

some weeks on the Crimson Stain

man was saying, and he added:

That was a pretty fierce slap you handed my chief in the Examiner

They both wheeled and with one

"That's from Vanya Tosca's apart-

flight of stairs at the plain

thought Stanley as he raced up the

clothes man's side. The window was

On the living-room floor, face up-

ward, sprawled Truxton Lambert, a bullet wound through his head.

Senseless and lying asprawl on a rug,

just in front of the alcove curtains,

lay Robert Clayton. His clothing

as awry. One hand clutched a re-

Stanley bent over him as Alward

and the policeman knelt beside Lam-

bert. Listening at Clayton's heart

Stanley found the artist was still liv-

Indeed he seemed more like a man

who was fast asleep than like the

victim of a swoon.

Presently, Alward rose from Lam-

bert's side and crossed over to Clay-ton. Taking the revolver from the

artist's nerveless fingers, he "broke"

"That seems to settle it," pro-

nounced Alward, "he shot that other

fellow, and then keeled over from shock at what he'd done. But what

can't understand is how he had

The other man's watch and

and studs are gone and his

"Then Clayton didn't do it!" de-

clared Harold positively. "I've knewn

him all his life. He might or might

not shoot a man in anger. But he'd

never rifle the body. Beside, you yourself see he couldn't have done it

in the time he had. And there is no

stake my life on his innocence. And

I'll be responsible for his appearance

No, we'll have to look further.

'n court if he is wanted."

time to rob him, too, before we got

pockets are inside out.

One cartridge alone had been

No wound was on his body.

floor front,

impulse dashed into the house. For

in the middle of Alward's words

almost directly above their heads

The second

"Good afternoon, Mr. Stanley," the

grip that the stranger's eyes were

having upon him.

Clayton fell asleep.

this morning. He-

volver.

fired.

struggle.

was peering fixedly into his eyes.

lim-lit alcove. But, as he turned

woman and her admirer.

is fists, he took a step forward. His

It had swung ajar.

seeing him.

ing-room.

# The RIMSON STAIN MYSTERY

"I can't go up there with you,"

said Harold. "I've some work down-town that I have to attend to be-

fore I go home. But if you insist on such a foolish thing, I'll meet you

at her apartment in about half an

hour, though I don't like the idea of doing it. It's useless. And she

will hate me for warning you against her. Good-by, old chap."
In an incredibly short time after-ward, Pierre La Rue was calling up

Vanya's apartment and issuing curt

"I've sent word to Tanner," he said,

nd to let her keep him in sight till

"to let Florence Montrose get a glimpse of him, on her way uptown,

he goes into your apartment-house. See that the hallboy is out on some

errand for you. I'll be there within

text you like. He's ripe, and this is our

trouble and ask him to bring along

all the money—in cash, not check—he can lay his hands on at such short

notice. And the necklace he promised you. Be sure to get him. I'll leave

"You're—you're surely not going to —to do IT here? Not here at my

apartment?" faltered Vanya. "Think

to use the finger necklace. He is go

ing to be killed by some one else-

Florence Montrose drove slowly

uptown in her little roadster. From

side to side, in such moments as she

did not need all her attention for the guiding of her car, her dark eyes

roved, searching the faces of pedes-

trians and other car occupants. The

thought that she alone could be of

service to the man she cared for in

this campaign he was so fiercely wag-

spend hours every day in the search.

Far uptown, where street and side-walk traffic had begun to grow much

thinner, her gaze fell upon a man who was strolling toward her on the

At once, Florence recognized the

Apparently he did not see her, for

Lent house. She stared more closely

at him. There could be no mistake.

he walked straight on, with no ef-

fort at concealment. Florence let

him walk past her. Then she turned

the roadster and slowly followed him.

Then Tanner turned in at a side street and stopped in front of an

apartment house. He looked furtively

to left and right, as though fearful

cautiously, he slipped into the build-

half-block below, and went on to the apartment house on foot. She glanced

into the front hall. It seemed de-serted. Thinking she might learn

from the hallboy into which apart-

into the ill-lighted hall.

ment the man had gone, she stepped

Instantly, a coat was thrown over her head from behind, binding her

and muffling her cries. Her arms were swathed and helpless in the gar-

ment's heavy folds. She felt herself

picked up and carried rapidly for-

Tanner, with his struggling burden.

Vanya.
"No," said Tanner. "She's alive. I'm

leaving her there till Pierre comes. He told me to."

replied, nervously, "And so will Trux-

ton Lambert. Better get out of the

King' chap that La Rue has been

having you dazzle so's we could get

him where we want him? He's going

to finish him here? If a man's found

"He won't be. The blame will be shifted. I don't know just now. It's all horrible. And Harold Stanley's coming here, too."

"H'm!" commented Tanner. "Even

as sharp a guy as Pierre will have his

hands full with an afternoon's pro-

gram like that. But think of the

cleverness of him. Lambert, Stanley,

Florence Montrose all three in one smash. And without the finger neck-

lace! Well, let Pierre play a lone hand on it. It's too big a job for me

to butt in on. without orders. I'm

hall toward the kitchen. Robert

Clayton at the same moment arrived

at the apartment's front door. Vanya

She led the way down the flat's long

marks on his throat---

n your flat with the finger-necklace

"He'll be here any minute, "Vanya

I wish to heaven I could! This pretty flat of mine will be a sham-

she added, with an uncontrollable shudder, . "Lambert? You mean the 'Diamond

Into Vanya Rosca's apartment ran

'There!" he panted, breathless with

'Is she-? Did you-? questioned

Florence left her car at the curb, a

be seen entering: then

'The danger will be nothing at all."

"I'm not going

the details of the trap to you."

of the danger, and-

interrupted La Rue.

left side of the street.

some other way."

one Lambert to come, on any pre-

Tell him you're in financial

ten minutes too, as we planned.

directions.

Novelized by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE From the Consolidated Motion Picture Triumph

Synopsis. Harold Stanley, reporter for father, is in love with Florence "You're - you're Montrose, daughter of Dr. Montrose, who has spent his life perfecting a surely not going to machine to rejuvenate humanity. Stanley has been working on the mus--to do IT here?" terious murder of fourteen wealthy New Yorkers, each strangled by a being of supernatural power. The first view of the murderer is obtained by Florence Montrose, when Stanley's father is made the victim of the fifteenth Crimson Stain murder in her home. In an attempt to put Stanley out of the way because he has raised a hue and cry over his father's death, Pierre La Rue, the slayer, runs into Florence and discovers that she recognizes him. La Rue's man Tanner kidnaps Florence. Stanley runs the flying auto down only to find that the girl has been put into a hypnotic trance and can tell nothing. As Dr. Montrose watches Florence, Pierre La Rue the building's elevator shaft. Along comes in. Under the spell of La this corridor, at the moment Florence Montrose's card was handed to Stan-Rue's gaze, Florence sits up. Dr. ley, Detective Parrish was striding. Montrose becomes enraged and Early in the Crimson Stain cru-sade Stanley had given orders that throws a jardiniere at La Rue. It crashes through a door. The shock Parrish or any police official should be permitted to enter his office by

this latter route without an instant's

Parrish was availing himself of

this permission. But, as his hand was on the knob of the office door,

he paused; the sound of voices from

within the room reaching him with

there, listening to Stanley's talk with

Florence Montrose. Presently Par-

rish stole away from the door and

returned to the elevator. But-per-

in the hallway five minutes later

haps on impulse—he was back again

Florence was just saying good-by

to Harold as the detective arrived.

As soon as she had gone Parrish

stamped unannounced into the priv-

growled angrily and with no other

salutation, "I read that roast on me

in this morning's Examiner. And I

want to tell you right now that you're

got to stop hammering me in print.

nderstand that? You've got to stop

"Certainly, Mr. Parrish," was Stan-

attacks on you shall be stopped at

"On just one condition," pursued

what the city is hiring you to do and

'Yes," acceded Stanley, "you are

You are 'running around in circles,

making a noise like an earnest work-

er'-and you're actually doing noth-

I've been watching you

Parrish, and I've been having you

Stanley was interrupted by an office

"Bring Mr. Clayton in here." Parrish, at the sound of the new

guest's name, grunted a surly good-by

and left the office as he had come. He slammed the door shut behind

him and stamped noisily down the hall toward the elevator. But at the

fourth stride he halted and softly

came back to the door, stooping with

for afternoon tea," Clayton said after

dropped in to see if you'd go there

"No. thanks." was Stanley's curt

swer. "I don't care to."
"Why not?" demanded Clayton,

wondering at the other's manner. "Frankly," replied Harold, "be-

cause I don't like her and I don't trust

together this past day or so and it

about her presence in your studio

both those times you were uncon-

first time, she came there after I'd

been knocked out, and she found me

and brought me to my senses. The second time. I just keeled over from

cussion I'd had. That sort of thing

tell you I don't like it. I know her better than you do. And—and I'm

not ashamed to say I'm pretty deep

"I'm sorry, old man," answered Harold, genuine sadness in his voice.

Because I don't think she's worthy

"Why don't you think she loves

"Twice, this past week, I've seen or with Truxton Lambert. Once in

"Truxton Lambert? Who's he?
"I thought you knew him. He's a

man-about-town, of a peculiarly ob-jectionable type. Made his pile in

diamond-smuggling. The 'Diamond King' they call him. He is enor-

mously rich. And his repustion is

about as rotten as any man's could

be without landing him in fail. No

Clayton, "what kind of a man he is.

She doesn't know, I'm sure. And I'm just as sure she isn't interested in

I'm going up there now. I know she

can explain. And, out of common

fairness to her, I want you to come along and hear her explanation. You

"I'm going to tell her, then," said

Or in any other man but me

of you. And I don't think she loves

queried Clayton, hotly.

his big limousine, and ence-

tell you, Stanley, you're

reaction, as a result of the brain con

often happens. She brought me to

misjudging a noble woman

fous. She—"
"Nonsense!" declared Clayton. "The

eems to me there's something fishy

I've been putting two and two

"I'm going up to Vanya Tosca's flat

his ear close to the keyhole.

with me.

boy, who brought a card to him. Glancing at it, he said to the boy:

show some real activity in solving the 'Crimson Stain Mystery.'"
"Activity?" fumed Parrish. "Ain't

I working day and night? I--

"On condition that you do

ley's unexpectedly meek reply.

once if you really wish it-

"Look here, Mr. Stanley!" he

almost perfect distinctness.

breaks the hypnotic spell. Hiram Lent, scho has always kept large sums of money in his home, is murdered by the Crimson Stain. Florence gets a note in Stanley's icriting saying he is in trouble at the Lent house. She obeys the imploring summons to come and just as she is to be left in the Lent house to he blown up by Tanner she is rescued by Stanley.

### CHPATER IV.

The Mysterious Disappearance. AROLD STANLEY, two

days fater, was about to eave his office for the afternoon, when Florence Montrose's card was brought to

The girl came in, bringing with her an elusive atmosphere of youth and loveliness that seemed to illumine the dingy little workaday office.

"I've been shopping," she told Stanley as he hurried forward to welcome her. "And I've stopped in, for a second, on my way uptown, to see if there is any clue yet to the explosion at the Lent house or to poor old Mr. Lent's death. It's all taken such a strange hold on me! I can't wait for tomorrow's paper to read about it. Is there anything new

"No," he returned. "Worse luck! In these Crimson Stain cases. there's never anything new, so far as we inwestigators are concerned. The Crim-son Stain supplies us with 'something new' all the time, in the shape of fresh outrages. But we are too stu pid to expose or even check them.

He spoke bitterly; with a sense of was roused to quick sympathy at his

You're doing splendidly," she said. "No one could do more. The whole state is talking about the Examiner's wonderful crusade against the Crimson Stain. I read your editorial this morning, too—the editorial flaying Parrish for not doing more. It was perfectly fine, Harold. I'm sure

it will spur him to—"
"To hating the Examiner, "finished will do, I'm afraid. department in general, is doing the very best it can; and doing a lot better than the police departments of most other cities could; but this man Parrish, who has international fame as a detective, and to whom the city is paying big money to clear up the Crimson Stain Mystery—he seems to

be doing nothing. And I was glad of a chance to say so in print." I wish I could do something to help!" she sighed. "A woman is so

"A woman," he contradicted, "is about the most helpful personage in all the universe. And there is something you can do."
"What? Tell me."

Crimson Stain man's face, you say-the man who hypnotized you. And you saw another member of the gang. came to you with that forced note found after the explosion. I mean house for you-the man who tried remember his face, too?
"Indeed, I do!" she said with a

reminiscent shudder. "I'd know him

Then whenever you are out of on Stain man and for that lieutenrowd. If you happen to see either and give him into custody. If there at a distance to whatever house they eater. And then telephone me, at nice. You are the only living soul, tutside the gang itself, who can recsenize two of that gang's members. to don't say you're 'helpless.' You 2.4y prove to be the most valuable ·lei we have. Will you remember?"

Yes!" she cried eagerly. "Oh, yes! Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could find one of them for you! I'm going be on the lookout every minute

Harold Stanley's private office had two doors-one leading into the city room of the Examiner, the other Into a short corridor that ended at

HOROSCOPE.

owe it to her. And to me. I-" have serious controversies concerning

Appeals for charity or for philanthropic nterprises should be unusally successful while this configuration prevails.

for financier who does a heroic Canada has still a sign foreshadowing Forces that presage tre-

The appearance of new types of the various races is indicated by the stars. These will vary greatly and will reveal extremes of beauty and ugliness, weak-

Colleges and schools will direct more attention to chaarcter building than form-erly, if th estars are read aright. This

awakening to decadent minds and morals augury of success and happiness through is imminent. Religion will play a more important

part in every day life than at any time in history, the seers declare. The war in Europe will cause a spiritual awakening that will be different from any that the world has known and it will bring confusion to the churches, astrologers

Persons whose birthdate it is should beware of false friends during the year.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 22—Conrad Martin shot and killed his wife, Margaret, and then killed himself at their home here. The crime was discovered today by a neighbor, who found the couple dead. Neighbor said the wife had been ill and the husband had been coming in each the husband had been coming in each the couple dead apparently have struck into the beautiful of the couple dead the husband had been coming in each the husband had been coming in each the couple dead apparently have struck into the beautiful of the couple dead apparently have struck into the beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking and apparently have struck into the beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking and apparently have struck into the beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking the beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking and apparently have struck into the beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking and apparently have struck into the beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking and harmlessly done by the application of the defective outer skin, a little each of skin to view. The new skin is beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking apparently have struck into the beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking apparently have struck into the proposed statement of the skin is beautiful soft, clear, white and young looking apparently have struck into the proposed statement of the skin itself. This is easily and harmlessly done by the application of the defective outer skin, a little each of the defective outer skin is beautiful.

Out stepped-Parrish. The great detective shut the door behind him, silenced his subordinate's amazed queries with a gesture and said imperatively:

'Come and help me search this

With the dumfounded Alward following, Parrish led the way down the

hall toward the dining-room at rear. At the dining-room threshold he halted.

There at full length lay Vanya Tosca. Around her white throat showed faint marks of the "finger necklace" so familiar to the police. At Alward's cry of amazement

Stanley and the policeman came running down the hall. "The Crimson Stain!" exclaimed

Stanley in horror as he saw the telltale bruises; "but the marks are much fainter than ever I've seen

Alward was chafing the unconscious woman's hands. Parrish flung a glassful of ice water into her face. owly Vanya began to revive. Stanley lifted a glass of spirits to her lips She sipped the flery liquid, then shivered and sat upright.

"What's-what's happened?" she

"That's what we're here to ask ou," answered Parrish roughly. "What do you know about all this? Come, now, speak up!"

"I-I came in here to-to get som cigarets for Mr. Clayton and Mr. Lambert," she murmured incoherently. "They were calling on me. I came in here. And-and somebody crept up behind me and caught me by the throat. I-oh, I don't remember anything after that-except that I could not breathe. "The Crimson Stain!" cried Alward

in triumph, "that's it. He tried to strangle her. Then Clayton and Lambert get to quarreling in the living room, and the shot scared this Crimson Stain murderer away before he could finish his work. That's it."

'Come back to the living room, all f you!" ordered Parrish. "Help the of you!" ordered Parrish. lady along with us. We'll go over the ground there once more.

Back they trooped to the scene of the shooting, the rear of the flat be-ing thus left vacant. And along the vacated hallway ran Tanner. halted at a closet door, stooped, gathered the half-suffocated Florence up in his arms and sped back to the

"Quick!" whispered La Rue who awaited him there. "Get her out of this. Take her to your own place and finish the business there. It isn't safe to do it here. I didn't count on the front window being open and the shot being located so quickly. Vanya's explained the rest. But the couldn't explain Florence Montrose's body being found here."

Tanner, shifting his limp burden in his arms, bounded down the stairs. As he reached the side entrance he tore away the enveloping coat. ence lay very still, her eyes shut, as he half-carried, half-supported her to the waiting cab. Tanner could have sworn she was unconscious.

Off started the taxi at Tanner's word of command. Eastward it sped until, at an avenue, it was momen-tarily checked by a crowd of traffic. And in that moment the cab door flew open. Tanner turned, an instant too late to catch Florence as she sprang to the ground.

He leaped out in pursuit, then drew back. For the girl was hurrying to-ward a traffic policeman. Tanner shouted to the chauffeur; and the taxi wheeled about and set off at top speed down a side street.

When Robert Clayton was finally roused he seemed like a man in a dream. He could give no clear ac-count of himself; nor did he realize at all what had happened. Stanley the artist should appear in court when he was well enough.

Then Harold, leaving Alward on guard at Clayton's studio, went to his office. On his return, early in the evening, Alward was still waiting in front of the building.

Stanley glanced upward to see if there were a light in Clayton's window. As he did so, he saw a human figure silhouetted against the night sky-the figure of a man who stood swaying on the high parapet of building, as if about to dive into the

street below. Without a word. Stanley rushed upstairs toward the roof. Alward followed; but, not divining Harold's pur-pose, ran into Clayton's top floor studio. Then, presently, finding Stanley had gone to the room, he, too, clambered up through the open scuttle at the end of the tepmost hallway. Stanley, gaining the roof, beheld Clayton, still swaying perilously on the parapet edge as if trying to nerve himself for the leap. He hurled himself forward and seized the artist just as the latter launched himself

into space.

With a mighty heave Stanley dragged Clayton back to safety. Clay-ton, like a man newly aroused from sleep, stood blinking uncertainly at him. Before either of them could speak, Alward joined them. Clutching the artist by the shoulder, the plain clothes man said:

"You are under arrest for the murder of Truxton Lambert."

"Under arrest?" stammered Clay-ton dully. "I?" "What does this mean?" asked Harold in the same breath. "What does this mean?" echoed Al-

"It means he's the man we want. Take a look at this note I just found on his studio table. Stanley glanced at the half smeet

of paper. By the uncertain light : 56 "I am about to end my life. 7 am. guilty of the murder of Truxton iam-

ROBERT CLAYTON "This is a horrible mistake of me kind!" cried Harold. "You're right it is," grimly assent

ed Alward. "He ought to have jumped a half second sooner." (TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

Enthusiastic Republican Boosters Gathered on Their Recent Outing



Members of the Greater Capitol Heights Republican Club snapped at their

# Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A MERMAIDS MAY DISPORT ARRANGE JOINT OUTING AT G. W. U. THIS WINTER

Floor Doing Crawl Stroke.

For plans are under way at the insti-

Mr. Brunner presented to the university

eeven in the class room and twelve in

The course was to be open for both men and women. Instructions were issued for each student to bring to class a newspaper upon which to lie while learning the crawl stroke. The woman students were instructed to wear bloomers.

CONTINUED PROM PAGE FIVE.

the water.

Corn Roast to Be Given Friday Night Bloomer Girls Probably Will Lie on the at Cherrydale, Va.

Members of the Young Men's Christian
Association and the Young Women's Association are to have a joint outing to
the vacation lodge of the latter institution
at Cherrydale, Va. Friday evening. An
out-of-door corn roast will be the princi-

pal attraction.

Arrangements have been made by C.

L. Johnson, of the Young Men's Christian
Association; Miss Miriam Barstow, of
the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Vacation Lodge committee,
composed of Mrs. Thomas Mitchell,
chairman; Miss Elisabeth Pierce, Mrs.
John S. Scully, Miss Estelle Foster, Miss
Wednesday, however, plans will be John S. Scully, Miss Estelle Foster, Miss Wednesday, however, plans will be Ellen Love, Mrs. W. H. Mitchell, Miss pushed for the formation of a winter M. A. Cooke, Miss Mildred Bartholow, Mrs. H. L. Gosling, Mrs. George W. Mr. Brunner proficials an intere-Mr. Brunner presented to the university officials an interesting outline of the pro-posed course, and if the class is organ-ized, this same program will be adhered to. He proposed to give nineteen lessons

By SARA MOORE.

The kitchen measured twelve by fifteen feet. In it lay her world. Tim came into it every night at half past six, bring
One of the interesting features of the program was the drill in breathing while index was the drill in breathing while one of the interesting features of the program was the drill in breathing while under water. Announcement was made that each student would be required to stick his head in a basin of water and keep it submerged for a designated period of time.

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One of the interesting features of the drill in breathing while take a sudent would be required to stick his head in a basin of water and keep it submerged for a designated period of time.

One of the trillie of the prospectus was the almouncement that instructions would be given in undressing in the water.

While details were not given it is understood that the students would be required to stick his head in a basin of water and keep it submerged for a designate and time.

One of the interesting features. in the cinemas to which him had her in courtship days. All reality for lier centered in the washtub under the draining board by the sink, the gas stove in the other corner and the cradle. It was like the jurgler who had to keep many balls in the air at once. If dinner Saturday evening in her cottage so many balls in the air at once. If the cooked, washed, nursed and sewed she compliment to Lady Williams-Taylor, of Montreal. Mrs. Williams L. James, of Baltimore, had a number of friends for tea Sunday managed to get to rent day with a afternoon at the Casino. Among them were Lady Williams-Taylor, Mr. and how slender the margin of safety had how slender the margin of safety had heen. They had no recreations. Excursions and holidays meant gala cookes. Sofe Fitzersald Mrs. Basker Gumment to Lady Williams-Taylor, of Montreal. Mrs. Williams L. James, of Baltimore, had a number of friends for tea Sunday were Lady Williams-Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Gray, Mrs. Pearl P. Lewis, leen, They had no recreations. Excursions and holidays meant gala cookes. ions and holidays meant gala clothes so Soto Fitzgerald, Mrs. Barker Gummere, will and Tim had all they could do Mr. and Mrs. Edward White, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Therein they differed and were apart James R. Branch, Messrs. James 18. from their neighbors. Tim had no in- Turner and J. Lynch Pendergaat tention of living from week to week all Miles White. his life. He wanted a cottage, some day, and a bit of earth in some Western city, and Delia was willing to deny herself for a more comfortable future. But trends are elementaried a number of trends are elementaried a number of for a more comfortable future. But sometimes, when for days she had been alone, when her only outings were the early morning Sunday mass or excursions to the grocery, she wondered if she would be able to stick to her bargain. Her

friends, who lived better, were quite neslecting her. She longed for some one who could talk over a waist pattern or little Tim's latest tooth.

Her tained.

Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt. of Philadelphia, was hostess at tea Tuesday afternoon at the Casino, when her guests were Ititle Tim's latest tooth

And then her husband began to drift away from her. He was studying at night school and getting on very fast indeed. When the boss complimented him or when his own hopes made him elequent, she wondered if she and the baby were not handicapping him. He would succeed faster without a family and she worden and the succeed faster without a family and she was well as the complete the succeed faster without a family, and she Mary Washington Stewart

began to entertain a morbid conviction that he wished he had not married.

"What good am I to him?" she wept. trying not to sob leat she shake the bed and wake him. "Sure any one can cook his meals. If he didn't have to pay such rent he needn't wear mended clabbes."

Mary Washington Stewart, of Baltimore. Miss Anne Henry, of Norfolk, Walter Buckley, 3d, of Philadelphia. Miss Lucile Pugh, formerly of Greensboro, N. C., now living in New York, was a recent guest in the Greenbrier, and several entertainments.

and several entertainments were given in her honor. Miss Pugh has the distinction of being a member of the New York Bar Association. Delia knew and was grateful for. But she was getting too thin to be pretty and he was too tired to notice it anyway. All she was in the world was the baby's tender and Tim's cook.

The man and was grateful for. But tinction of being a member of the New York Bar Association.

Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. George Cole Scott in the guest of Mrs. George Cole Scott in the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. George Cole Scott in the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Scott in th der and Tim's cook.

One night, when Tim had forgotten to days, returned Monday

One night, when Tim had forgotten to read the comic section, Delia picked up the paper and read for herself. Then she glanced at the headlines, and her indifferent glance turned to pages of the war. There were pictures of battlefields and great generals and airships, but one that fixed her eyes was none of these. It was a large picture of a German field kitchen. The thing she saw was a traveling stove and before it stood an army cook. A decoration, the Iron Cross, was number of friends Tuesday at a porch party in her cottage in Tansus row.

being pinned to his coat.

Below the picture a brief newspaper story paid tribute to the work of the German army chefs. Under fire, in rain and sleet and bursting shells, this cook and others like him had risked their.

Barty in her cottage in Tansus when her guests included Mr and Lewis Hancock, Mrs. William L. Ja Mr. and Mrs. George T. Smith, Mr. and sleet and bursting shells, this cook and others like him had risked their. ives to carry hot rations to the men in the trenches. The Kaiser had recognized the importance of their service. They were decorated for personal hero-They were decorated for personal scales who car-ism us frequently as solders who car-sons, Mrs. William H. White, jr., and ried or manned guns. Patient tending to Miss Eleanor Lawrence. a soup kettle was as important to the welfare of the German army as good

marksmanship.
"The quality of the food served to him the measure of the efficiency of the Emmert Hardware Co. Loses \$30 said a famous general. Her Cash and Assortment of Goods. Mrs. Delia put down the paper.

parted and a pale color the Emmert Hardware Company here
"If I thought my cooking had anything was robbed last night for the eighth time to do with Tim's work, it would be different," she whispered.

"Why, I suppose it does, after all. My, broken open. Unsuccessful interestin' just Unsuccessful ain't it goin' to be awful interestin' fust o think about what he's eatin' an' what goin' to do for him."
after that Delia grew brisk and

enter the stores of Samuel M. Shafer and the Shaffer-Faber Company. less dreary eyed. She had made the portant discovery. She was not a drudge. She was a builder. (Copyright, 1956.)

## "The stars incline, but do not compel,"

Sunday, September 24, 1916. Astrology finds this to be a quiet day hat is rather favorable. Mercury, Jupi-

ter, Saturn and the Sun are all in beneffe aspect. The sway should be fortunate for all who speak from public platforms, Min-

isters and lecturers should benefit Reforms in church affairs again are

prognosticated. These will arouse oppo- the winter and scientific feeding with due Protestants and Catholics may uestions touching the public weal.

The rule is fortunate for the aged and deed is predicted.

prosperity, Forces that presage tre mendous changes are centering there,

regard to nutritive values will become a fad.

predict.

mendous changes are centering there, and vocational training will be foremost. Attention to business will bring success, the husband had be food will concentrate interest during in progressive measures, it is said, for an . Children born on this day have the

Peel Off Your Freckles

Mrs. Frank S. Royster and several friends motored over to Hot Springs

turning that evening. In the party were

ROBBERY IN HAGERSTOWN.

Hagerstown, Md., Sept. 23.-The store of

in recent years, the thieves carrying off \$30 in cash, guns, revolvers, silverware,

knives, robes, etc. One iron safe was

Unsuccessful efforts were also made to